



#### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Regular rates of advertising, \$1 per square first insertion, and 50 cents each subsequent insertion.  
Special contracts will be made for all advertisements for four insertions or over.  
Transient advertisements always payable quarterly in advance.  
Marriages and obituary notices, over one square, charged for at half regular rates.  
All local news 10 cents a line for each insertion.  
No notices inserted for less than fifty cents.

#### ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The Chinese are going from San Francisco faster than they are arriving there.  
A Prussian grave-digger has been arrested for roasting bodies and selling their fat.  
You seldom find a very fat man convicted of crime, and never heard of a fat man being hung.  
Four hundred bandits, having expelled the Brazilian authorities from Januaria, in the Province of Minas Geraes, sacked the town and burned twenty-two houses.  
Several learned citizens of St. Louis have taken steps to organize a company to develop silver mines in Montgomery county, Arkansas, which are pronounced by mining experts to be valuable.  
The offer of the Morgan line of steamers to carry the mail from New Orleans to Havana, via Cadiz Keys and Key West, has been accepted by the post-office department.  
Full many a rose is born to blush unseen, and waste its fragrance on the desert air; full many a nip is taken behind the screen, and cloves and coffee, too, are eaten there.  
Isaac Sevan, a veteran soldier of 1812, resident of Baltimore, was found dead in his bed. During the war of 1812 he was in the navy, and had a fall from which he never fully recovered.  
A dispatch from Silver Cliff, Colorado, says the Silver Cliff Mining and Milling Company shipped half a dozen silver bricks, the result of the first clean up since starting the stamp mill, which is deemed a great success.  
Miss Harriet Hosmer is said to be still resolved to discover perpetual motion, and has taken workshops near Westminster, England, to pursue her efforts.—She expects to be successful by midsummer.  
Congressman Frank Hurd, of Ohio, is about forty years old and is a very rich man. He is the best constitutional lawyer of his age in the country. Besides, he is good looking and a devout Catholic.  
A singular case, in which a bank bookkeeper stole in a little more than six months upward of \$34,000, which was expended, with the aid of an outsider, in the business of playing policy and buying lottery tickets.  
It is announced from Louisville that Dr. Standford is to resign the presidency of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, and that Albert Fink is again to assume that position. Mr. Fink is the originator of the pooling system of the trunk lines.  
A young man in Hartford, who incurred the displeasure of his kinspeople and acquaintances by marrying a German servant girl, now holds his head very high when he meets any of these critics. His wife has fallen heir to an estate in the fatherland worth \$600,000. Now look out for a servant girl boom.  
A padrone named Antonio Giovanna Anco, an Italian, has been convicted and sent to the Albany penitentiary for inveigling seven boys from Italy and using them for begging and music playing. This is the first conviction under the padrone law recently enacted in New York.  
The Little Miami and Louisville Short Line railroad companies will unite in building a monster new passenger depot at the southeast corner of Pearl and Butler streets, Cincinnati. The location is several squares nearer the centre of the city than the present depot.  
The boy who was believed to have been murdered by his father, Elde Back, the New Hampshire, Iowa, Adventist, is alive in an adjoining county, whether he fled after the beating his father gave him, to avoid a repetition of the outrage.  
Speaker Randall is not wealthy, as some people suppose. He lives in a smaller house than almost any man in Washington who has been there as long as the speaker, a house about half the size of Blaine's, for instance, who came to Congress no richer than Randall, as far as appearances went, and has been in Congress about as long.  
During the outward passage of the steamship Saratoga from New York, Capt. Byerly, one of the cabin passengers, committed suicide by jumping overboard. It appears he fell into the mouth of an enormous shark and was devoured. No trace of the body could be found, except some blood in the water.  
"Olivia" writes that Senator Booth is such a hardened bachelor that "a sigh, drawn fresh and pure from the deepest and most capacious female bosom, and applied to the right place will have no more effect than a Hoiman liver-pod administered for lockjaw, while a glance from the most brilliant eye falls like a sunbeam on an alligator's back."  
A small pox patient had a narrow escape from being buried alive Ontario, Canada. The grave diggers threw on the lid of the coffin, three shovelfuls of sand, which caused the supposed dead man and caused him to kick lustily. The coffin was hastily drawn out, the lid was immediately uncrowed. The supposed corpse sat up and exclaimed, "My God! have I had such a narrow escape!" He was at once lifted out of the coffin, an overcoat was thrown over his shoulders, and was then removed to the hospital. He is doing well.

#### Around the World in 110 Days.

On the 9th of October a Paterson, N. J., schoolboy mailed the following postal card, which is self-explanatory:  
'P. M. PATERSON, Oct. 9, '79.  
'DEAR SIR. It is desired to find the shortest possible time from this city around the world. Will the postmaster of each place designated here please forward this with the utmost despatch, together with a request to the postmaster of the next following place to remit it, and continue until it reaches San Francisco, when the postmaster is requested to mail it to  
J. B. GARRIDE,  
'Paterson, New Jersey, U. S. A.  
'(London, Paris, Marseilles, Suez, Aken, Bombay, Calcutta, Hong Kong, Yokohama, San Francisco.)'  
The card returned to the sender on the 27th inst., covered all over with postmarks. These show that the time occupied in going from place to place was as follows:

From	To	Days	Arrived
New York to Liverpool	Liverpool	10 days	Oct. 19
Liverpool to London	London	3 days	Oct. 22
London to Paris	Paris	1 day	Oct. 23
Paris to Marseilles	Marseilles	1 day	Oct. 24
Marseilles to Suez	Suez	7 days	Oct. 31
Suez to Aden	Aden	5 days	Nov. 5
Aden to Bombay	Bombay	7 days	Nov. 12
Bombay to Calcutta	Calcutta	3 days	Nov. 15
Calcutta to Hong Kong	Hong Kong	3 days	Nov. 18
Hong Kong to Yokohama	Yokohama	18 days	Dec. 6
Yokohama to San Francisco	San Francisco	28 days	Jan. 3
San Francisco to New York	New York	16 days	Jan. 19
New York to Paterson	Paterson	8 days	Jan. 27

Total time occupied 110 days  
Three days were lost in waiting in the Calcutta office, and about eighteen days were wasted in delay from Hong Kong to Yokohama. Without these delays the time would have been eighty-nine days, still nine days in excess of Jules Verne's imaginary trip of eighty days, counting, as he did, the gain of a day in beating the sun.

#### Beaconsfield and His...

A Boston man and his daughter were sitting on the front piazza, when the father requested his daughter to read him the evening paper.  
'What shall I read about?' queried the Boston girl, as she opened the paper.  
'Read the European news,' responded the father.  
The Boston girl began: 'It is rumored that Beaconsfield will not accept the decoration of the—' and then she blushed a deep red, and stopped.  
'Proceed,' said the father, after a pause.  
'I cannot,' returned the Boston girl, blushing still deeper.  
'Why not?' queried the father, in some surprise.  
'Because I do not like to,' replied the Boston girl, faintly.  
'Nonsense,' exclaimed the father, sternly, 'read the item, I tell you.'  
The Boston girl caught up the paper in desperation, glared at it in a stony manner, attempted to speak, and fainted dead away.  
When she had been restored and the excitement had subsided, the father took the paper out behind the house, turned to the dreadful item, and read:  
'It is rumored that Beaconsfield will not accept the decoration of the garler.'

#### A Courtship in Paris.

During my stay, a young doctor and his bride—not a distant neighbor, came to return a visit. He related his story. Two months ago he was called in to visit a lady, and performed an operation that saved her life; on the occasion of one of his subsequent visits, a young lady requested him to wait a few minutes in the drawing room till her mamma was prepared to receive him. They looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason. He asked her would she like to be married? 'Yes.' Would she object to a poor, hard-working country doctor? 'No.' Would she accept him? 'Yes.' After this, *veni, vidi, vici*, he saw his patient; announced as his first business that he was going to marry her daughter. The mother, momentarily stunned, consented, and the shock nearly embled her to take up her bed and walk. I may add that a more accomplished Parisienne I have never encountered. She has all the gaiety of the French, without a particle of frivolity, united to Anglo-Saxon common sense.

#### Oxygen and Hydrophobia.

Oxygen as a cure for hydrophobia is stated to have proved successful, by the Lyons Medicals. The case is reported by Drs. Schmidt and Zeboden, from Russia. The first symptoms of rabies appeared seventeen days after the injury. The patient was made to inhale three cubic feet of oxygen, and two hours afterwards he was in a perfect state of calm. Two days afterwards the symptoms of rabies reappeared, and another inhalation of oxygen was administered with the success. This time the inhalation was continued for forty-five minutes. A slight dyspnea, which persisted after the disappearance of the graver symptoms, was treated for three weeks by the monobromide of camphor.  
Governor Davis, of Maine, is still comparatively young—only thirty-seven. As a boy he worked on a farm, and went through the public schools. As a soldier in the army he filled up the intervals of fighting with studying Latin and reciting to an officer.

#### Light in a Dark Place.

The following letter is worthy of deep consideration. It is a reward to honest sympathy, and a sterling rebuke to assumed charity. It is taken from *Harper's Weekly* of a recent date.  
A young man nineteen years old, was committed to the jail in Richmond county, N. Y., for theft. He proved to be an old offender even at that age, and had been already in the state prison. He was disowned by his friends as irreclaimable, and was seriously ill. The sheriff, who is the jailer in that county, and his wife, were very kind to him, and Mrs. Floyd, one of the ladies of the 'Jail Committee' of the state Charities Aid County Association, often visited him. The young man was evidently deeply touched, and upon the expiration of his term the sheriff humanely obtained a place for him in an honest industry. A few days since he sent the following letter to the sheriff, which is unquestionably sincere, and very suggestive and encouraging:  
'Sir,—I think it a duty to write to you and tell you how I get along, because I never can forget the way, sheriff, you treated me while in your charge. I promised you I would try to do right, and I am trying to keep my promise. I am getting along better than I anticipated I should. I am boarding in a very nice place, and feel quite comfortable.—Mrs. Floyd writes to me, and Mr. Butler comes to see me often. To-night I write three letters—one to you, one to Mr. Vaughn (deputy sheriff), and one to Mrs. Floyd—feeling in the best of spirits, and as good as ever. Sheriff, I am not a school-man, and can not command in the English language words adequate to express my gratitude to you, Mrs. Brown, and Mr. Vaughn, for you have lifted me, an unhappy convict, up, and placed me on the first step of the ladder, and once on the first step, it will not be impossible, with the help of the Divine assistance, to ascend the rest. I might slip, but even should I slip one step, it will be my ambition to reascend two.... I ask you to remember me to Mrs. Brown, such a son would desire to be remembered to a mother, also to her kind sister, for, sheriff, the only friends I have in this world are those I made in your jail.... I will try and adhere to my good resolutions. I am fully aware that I have all up hill work before me, and that I have a great deal of prejudice to overcome, in the shape of the taunts and jeers of those virtuous persons who will never give a fallen brother credit for a sincere desire to reform.—Nevertheless, I hope ultimately to live down my former bad reputation, and should I succeed, you can take the credit to yourself, in conjunction with the remainder of your family, and Mrs. Floyd, for having saved one fallen creature from ruin; and it will be another proof that there are few hearts so utterly depraved as to be impervious to acts of humanity and kindness.'

Light in a Dark Place.

#### Why Patty Spoke in Church.

If the minister had asked any other question, it never would have happened. If it had been on any other day than that one particular day, it never would have happened.  
If any other boy in the whole wide universe, excepting Robby, had been with Patty, it never would have happened.  
Above all, if it had been two strangers standing before the altar instead of Sister Susie and Willie Norris, it never could have happened.  
But it did happen, and that is all I know about it.  
'If any one here present,' said the minister, looking kindly upon the sweet bride with the brave young man beside her, and then glancing calmly over the little churchful of wedding guests, 'knows of any reason why this man and this woman should not be joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony, let him speak now, or—'  
'What's all that?' whispered Robby, in great secret, to Patty. 'I guess he doesn't know. There ain't any bounds of matrimony about it.'  
'That was enough. Robby was her oracle. Up jumped Patty, anxious to set things right, and determined that the wedding should go on, now that Sister Susie had on her white dress and orange-flowers and everything.  
'I do!' she called out in a sweet, resolute voice, and holding up a warning finger. 'I do. Please wait, sir! There ain't any matrimony about it at all. They came on purpose to be married!'  
'O' course they did!' muttered Robby. Everybody stared at Patty. It was a dreadful moment, but the wedding went on, all the same.  
And Patty and Robby were the very first to kiss the bride.

Light in a Dark Place.

Light in a Dark Place.

George Reynolds, but he, too, was gone. 'The Medbury gossip was right,' he thought. 'This tea party is showing which way the wind is blowing.' He walked to the window and looked out, desecrating Rachel Moffatt's fluttering garments down a winding path. George Reynolds was by her side, and the way they took was towards the south. Away off the north the Judas tree stretched out its pink branches in the moonlight. 'The wind sets unfavorably,' Walter Gibbs said, with a sigh.

Half an hour later, George Reynolds passed Walter in the hall. His brow was clouded and his lips worked nervously. 'He looks like one on whom the north wind has blown,' Walter Gibbs thought, and went in pursuit of Rachel Moffatt.  
He found her standing in the moonlight, her long shadow reflecting from her figure the branch of a Judas tree she held in her hand. He approached her and stood where her shadow fell. 'Rachel,' he said, with all his heart in his voice, 'I would like to walk in your shadow henceforth, if you are going that way.'

Rachel Moffatt looked up with startled eyes into the face above her; the pink flowers with their fatal significance fell from her hand, and the irregular outlines of two confused shadows, never henceforth to be parted, lay upon the greenward. In the frosts of the following winter the Judas tree died, and the place thereof knew it no more.  
The Feminine Mouth.  
A person who has made the feminine mouth the subject of much study volunteers his conclusions to males with sweethearts. They are as follows: If her mouth is very small there is not much mind, but overmuch shallow sentiment. If she has a very large mouth she will possess a good brain, but the trouble is in kissing it. Large mouths put a man to an artistic test; he will be driven to his wits' end whether to begin at one corner and conclude on the other, or to make a heroic dash at the middle and endeavor to reach both corners. But if you are a kissing artist it can be covered nicely enough. If your sweetheart has a coarsely-formed mouth she will be sensual and full of strong, coarse points of character, and will raise a row in the family. If she has a delicately-formed mouth, with rounded lips and of a velvety color, she will have much sensibility and perfection of character, but not astonish by her brilliancy of conception or execution. It is a good mouth because it is kissable and submissive.—Shun blue-lipped or thin-lipped women; they will bore you to death with literature or woman's rights, theorize while you wait your dinner, or spoil your temper by their red-hot scolding tongues.

Curious Case of Petrification.  
The most extraordinary case of sclerosis, or petrifying of the skin, known in medical history was made the subject of a medical clinic in Cleveland. The case was that of a child brought here from New Philadelphia, and it is becoming literally a petrified child. The flesh is as cold and hard almost as marble; and while the child, which is nearly three years old, continues to live it can only freely move its lips and eyes. It has none of the warmth and pliability of human flesh, and sleeps with its eyes open, presenting a most ghastly spectacle. Until six months ago it was in perfect health. The disease is one of the connective tissues between the skin and flesh, whose origin is unknown, but is supposed to be caused by perverted nutrition. This is the thirty-fifth case discovered and is an important one, in as much as no instance has heretofore been known where the entire body was effected.

A Slight Mistake.  
A supremely happy and green young countryman, with an equally ardent and happy bride, came to the city to spend Christmas, and upon seeing their names, Mr. and Mrs. —, for the first time in writing on the register of the hotel, got considerably flurried, and when pointed to the elevator, walked in at once, wondering what a small parlor it was for such a big house. The young man suddenly remembered that he had forgotten his carpet-bag, and ran back to the office for it, while the elevator conductor whisked off the surprised bride up six flights of steps, and brought down another lady whom the husband embraced, supposing it to be his restored wife. In the meantime, the abducted lady found her wits and the way down stairs, and arrived in time to witness the rapturous embrace. The tableau was highly effective, and it took four clerks and seven black waiters, assisted by the steward, to explain the situation.

Light in a Dark Place.

looks very lovely, but I shouldn't think she would like to wear flowers of the Judas-tree. Don't you know?' she asked, answering the inquiring look of her husband, 'that is the name of the tree that bears those pink flowers. I am a great botanist; don't you know that my darling?'  
The darling colored, seeing Rachel Moffatt and the pink flowers, and remembering certain words uttered beneath the shadows of the pink branches. Rachel Moffatt was a study to another man at George Reynolds' reception. Walter Gibbs' eyes followed her wherever she moved, and he went home thinking of the mystery of womanhood as it revealed itself in Rachel Moffatt and pink flowers.

The Judas tree had never blossomed once when George Reynolds and his wife came to Medbury to live. 'George don't get on so well as I could expect,' Squire Reynolds said; and Mrs. Reynolds hinted to half a dozen neighbors, hoping it would go no further than between herself and the one with whom she talked, that George's wife was a well-meaning, good hearted little creature, but bless her heart! she didn't know the first thing about housekeeping, and she hadn't any knack at making the most of her means.

George Reynolds' wife sent for Rachel Moffatt one day. 'I would have come down myself, she apologized, but really I was not able,' and Rachel, looking into her face, saw that the pink had all faded out, leaving only the whiteness of the previous year. 'You see, dear,' she went on with a winning frankness, 'I wasn't brought up to anything useful, and the housekeeping don't go right, and George and I have moved out, thinking we could manage better, and it would be better for the baby. I remember what beautiful lady-cake you made for our reception, and the praises that were in every body's mouth about your cooking. And now, my dear Miss Moffatt, would you mind showing me a little, and see if I can't learn to manage better and make George's home more comfortable? I thought I would rather ask a young person like you than George's mother even.'

And so Rachel Moffatt found herself in George Reynolds' kitchen, instructing the child-wife in the mystery of cooking and trying to impart to her some of her 'rare knack,' as the people called it.  
One day, as she came out of the little gate and took her way toward her own home, a gentleman passed her on horseback. Looking up, she saw a man with a full beard and good figure; a stranger she thought him, until he wheeled about and exclaimed, 'You're not running from your shadow again, are you, Miss Rachel? And the stranger was no other than Walter Gibbs.

Rachel laughed this time without effort. 'They were harmless things, as you said,' she replied; and then she inquired kindly after his health and stay at Medbury.  
'I presume strangers occupy the cottage yonder?' Walter Gibbs remarked, pointing to the cottage Rachel had just left.  
'George Reynolds lives there,' Rachel answered. 'I have been up to assist Kate—Mrs. Reynolds—in canning fruit.'  
Rachel Moffatt's face did not color or a feature change. Either her mask was perfectly worn, or that look had ceased to be a mask.  
Walter Gibbs, during his stay in Medbury, fell into his old habit of walking in Rachel Moffatt's shadow. Looking into her face as on that evening a year before, he missed the resignation it had worn then, for it was real pleasure.

One day he sought her with a strange nervousness and abstraction in his manner. Rachel was very grave, too, and Walter Gibbs saw that she had been weeping. He looked into her face with the tender solicitude that only men who love and women who have been loved know. Did he not know! Had he not heard George Reynolds' wife die suddenly that morning with heart disease.

Walter Gibbs went home with the nervous abstraction all gone from his manner, and a hard endurance in its stead. George Reynolds was free now, free to win Rachel Moffatt if he could, and she who loved him once was free to accept him. 'I couldn't be satisfied with a doubtful love,' he said; 'I will wait.'

He waited until the Judas trees were in blossom again, and then he went to Medbury.  
'It's waiting on Rachel Moffatt, George Reynolds is,' one of the Medbury goings told him. 'And his wife not under the sod a year yet! They were old schoolmates, and knew each other from childhood, and we used to think it would make a match before he ever married that little helpless city girl, and I haven't any doubt in my mind but it will make a match now. George Reynolds is going to have a tea party next week, and that will show which way the wind is blowing.'

Walter Gibbs went to George Reynolds' tea drinking. He said to his mother he would not miss it for a fortune. Rachel Moffatt was there, walking now and then with George Reynolds, and talking with him ever and anon; but then it was Rachel's habit to be kind to every one who came in her way. Late in the evening Walter Gibbs missed her from the parlor. He looked around for

restless hands, and then dropped from the gilded leaves the faded flower. They were all alike, mere bits of pink coloring on a wooden stem—pink not so deep as the color that glowed on Rachel Moffatt's cheeks at sight of the flowers.  
'It is the Ceris Canadensis Judas tree,' her companion remarked, picking up one of the fallen bits and pulling it to pieces.

'The Judas tree!' echoed Rachel Moffatt, all her tones full of scornful wonder.  
'Yes,' the young man said, answering the wonder in her tones. 'In the Spring it is a tree of promise, with its rugged branches crowded full of blossoms, but the blossoms die, and there is never fruit or beauty in fulfillment of its springtime promise. There is but one in the village that I know of, and that is in Squire Reynolds' garden.'

Looking up to see if Rachel Moffatt remembered the tree, Walter Gibbs became painfully conscious that his remark had dyed her face with tell-tale blushes, and the tale they told was about George Reynolds. Then he remembered how he had forced his company upon her, and his conscience smote him when he thought how his careless words might have added to the trouble of the girl he loved. At least she should be relieved from the annoyance of his society, and with a sigh he remarked:  
'It was unwell for me to join you, Miss Rachel, when you came out to walk alone. I beg your pardon. And as I have an errand down to the Widow Brown's and am going around that way, I will leave you here.'

'I would be glad to have your company,' Rachel Moffatt felt constrained to say.  
'Thank you, but my errand is urgent,' Walter Gibbs answered. 'Glad to have your company,' he muttered as he walked away—a pretty story, that, and she wishing him ten miles away, from the moment I joined her! What a poor blind I have been.'

The woman whose happiness George Reynolds had trifled with so wantonly walked slowly toward her home and sat down on the little porch watching the moon come up. She overheard her father's words as he talked to her mother.  
'There's as good fish in the sea as was ever caught. It's my opinion the man who gets our Rachel will find there is better than George Reynolds has caught; and I am sure I will find better fish than George Reynolds, if he does think he is the biggest toad in the puddle.'

Over Rachel Moffatt's sad face flitted a smile that was almost merry. To think of comparing Medbury to a puddle, and George Reynolds to the biggest toad! When her thoughts wandered to herself. Did her father and mother suspect her liking for George Reynolds? And Walter Gibbs—had her face tattled to him of secrets that she fain would have kept? Henceforth she would wear a mask, and hide her secret to her heart.

She went into the house and sat down by the lamp-light. Her mask was on, and she wondered if Mrs. Reynolds had made the fruit cake for the reception or whether they had bought it of the baker at Medbury.  
Mrs. Moffatt thought that Mrs. Reynolds would make it. She was such a hand to have everything done up in her kitchen. 'May-be,' she added, 'Mrs. Reynolds would like your help in making lady-cake or something. You're such a master-hand at lady-cake, you know, Rachel. Supposing she should express herself that way, what should I say to her?'

Rachel's mask threatened to fall. To go into George Reynolds' home and to help to prepare for the reception of his bride was a blow for which she was not prepared. Only a moment and the tottering mask was up. 'Certainly, if Mrs. Reynolds should ask my help, I would go,' she added a moment after, as if she were giving the mask a final securing touch.

And so Rachel Moffatt found herself beating eggs and stirring butter and sugar in Mrs. Reynolds' kitchen, listening to the woman's garrulous chat, lady-cake it will be, I expect, she said, pausing in the midst of her culinary operations to watch the whites of eggs rising in a foam under Rachel Moffatt's dexterous manipulations. 'And I expect she's a very fine lady we're a-making it for; but it's a matter that I wouldn't like to go no farther than between us two, that I'd been satisfied if George had picked out a wife nearer home; I'm sure I shouldn't 'a said a word if she who is making the cake and she who would eat the cake had been the same identical individual.

Rachel's mask shook a little, but she was a brave girl. 'Oh, I'm sure George's wife will be a nice lady, and I dare say we will all like her very much,' she answered.  
Rachel Moffatt's words were fully verified. George Reynolds' wife proved to be a very nice lady—a little delicate creature, all pink and white, whom it was impossible not to like, because she was thoroughly amiable and lovely.

Who is that lady in white, with the pink flowers in her hair?' asked the bride of the bridegroom the evening of their reception, as Rachel Moffatt entered the room somewhat late. She

The Loom of Life.  
All day, all night, I can hear the jar Of the loom of life, and near and far It thrills with deep and muffled sound, As the tireless wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom, In the light of day and midnight gloom; The wheels are turning early and late, And the wool is woven in warp of fate.

Click, click! there's a thread of love woven in, Click, click! and another of love and sin; What a checkered thing will this life be, When we see it unroll in eternity.

Time, with a face like a mystery, And hands as busy as his can be, Sits at the loom, with its warp outspread, To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful life be done? In a hundred years, perhaps, or one; Or to-morrow, who knows! not you or I; But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow, But each one is nearer the end I know; Some day the last thread shall be woven in; God grant it be love instead of sin.

We are sinners of warp for this life web; say, Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day; It were better then, O my friends to spin A beautiful thread, than a thread of sin.

#### Rachel Moffatt's Shadow.

Reuben Moffatt and Kezia, his wife, received a triplet of white wedding cards from the hands of their daughter Rachel, and fell into serious chat over the bits of card board. George Reynolds, the groom, was discussed with positive knowledge, gained by acquaintance with him from boyhood. Kate Maurice, the bride, was discussed with the speculative knowledge that characterizes remarks concerning stranger brides.

Rachel Moffatt had left the room while George Reynolds was under discussion, and her mother's careful eye had observed that there was surprise, anger, almost tears in the girl's face.  
'I say, Reuben,' began the good man's wife, after Rachel had gone.  
'Yes,' assented Reuben Moffatt, signifying his readiness to hear what his wife had to say.

'I want to call your attention to our Rachel.'  
'You needn't call very loud,' was Reuben Moffatt's answer. 'My attention goes a good deal that way naturally.'

'To be sure,' answered Kezia Moffatt. 'How could it be otherwise, and you the father of such a girl as our Rachel? I am sure I wonder that a young man like George Reynolds should look farther than such a trio, handsome girl as Rachel is, and he knows all about her housekeeping, too.'

'Look farther and fare worse,' is an old proverb, you know,' said Kezia Moffatt, with anger in her eyes and tones. 'I am sure I hope Rachel will get over it and go to the party.'

'Get over it?' repeated Reuben Moffatt. 'You don't mean that Rachel—?' The old man paused and surveyed his wife critically.

Kezia Moffatt nodded her head affirmatively.  
'Oh, nonsense, Kezia!' exclaimed the old man. 'You feel unpleasant like because George Reynolds should prefer any other woman to our Rachel. It's my opinion that Rachel hadn't a thought of George Reynolds, except—'

A shadow fell on the porch and the old man suddenly changed the subject of his remarks.

The shadow that had fallen on the porch was Rachel Moffatt's. It followed the young girl across the green fields where she walked, magnifying her sun-bonnet into an unsightly thing and lengthening her slight figure into exceedingly lank proportions.

'Which way, Miss Rachel? Are you running away from your shadow?' asked a young man, stepping out from an oak tree that stood midway in the field.  
Rachel Moffatt gave a sudden glance at her shadow, and said with an effort, 'We can't escape them any more than we can our thoughts.'

'It's lucky for us they are harmless things,' answered the young man with a smile. 'I shouldn't think you would want to escape your thoughts Miss Rachel. I'm sure I shouldn't. And if you have no objection I will walk in your shadow, as you seem to be going my way.'

Rachel Moffatt bowed, but the young man, glancing into her face, saw that she accepted his company with resignation.

'I presume you have received George Reynolds' cards?' said the young man, after a pause.

'Yes,' Rachel answered gravely. 'They are very stylish,' she added, with an effort.  
'Miss Maurice is said to be wealthy,' the young man continued.

'Ah!' Rachel exclaimed, with a curl of the lips that was full of scorn.  
With a delicate, intuitive sense that would have done honor to men in finer cloths and a loftier sphere, Walter Gibbs changed the subject with the remark: 'I have the book of yours that I borrowed in my pocket, Miss Rachel. There were scraps of paper in it and some bits of faded flowers. I have saved them all, and return them with the book.'

'Thank you, it did not signify,' Rachel replied indifferently.  
She turned the leaves of the book and its volume with the uneasy motion of